



SATURDAY, APRIL 30, 1904



A NARROW ESCAPE.

Miss Kara Smart Meets with a Serious Accident at Hands of Drunken Japanese.

(We are permitted to quote the following extracts from a personal letter to Miss Smart's mother.—Editors of the Union Signal.)

Tokyo, Japan.—The other evening, as I was coming home, after a day's absence traveling over the same road I have traveled hundreds of times, my jinrikisha man turned abruptly and darted off the road into the big canal along which the road runs. It was done so quickly I had no time to jump to save myself nor to stop the man.

Almost the first thing I knew I saw him dropping into that awful black hole, then saw one wheel go over (we went sideways fortunately) the stone wall lining side of canal, and then I was hurled into a gulf of pitch darkness and knew nothing more until I struck the water some fifteen feet distant. Down, down I went, for it was high tide fortunately (or I'd have had a broken head or neck most likely), and as the cold water rushed in mouth, ears, nose, there came to me like a flash father's instructions of many years ago: "Keep your mouth shut, hold your breath, keep your arms down, and you'll come to the top and float until some one can rescue you," and I immediately proceeded to follow instructions to the letter. Result: I went down to the bottom, then, still holding my breath, turned over and came up to the top, right side up with



I WAS AT LAST HAULED OUT MORRIS DEAD THAN ALIVE.

care, and I floated. Looked about for the jinrikisha man and saw none, but while I was wondering what I could do next, how I could get out of that awful place when I didn't know any Japanese word for "help" and I couldn't swim nor climb up a perpendicular stone wall ten feet or more high in case I could get to it—directly I saw his head and shoulders come above water near the edge. I called to him and he turned as if shot (suppose he thought I was done for), paddled out to me, and grasping the bottom of my skirt, towed me in until I got near enough to catch his shoulders, which I grasped, and righted myself, standing by his side, while he held on to me and I to him, the water to our armpits as I remember.

Then we both yelled, "Help! help!" in our own language, and soon we heard voices and then three Japs heads peered over the canal wall and peered down onto us. By dint of the man with me boosting, my scrambling and those three men pulling on one wrist which they could just reach with the combined efforts of us all to get together, I was at last hauled out more dead than alive, and lifted to my feet only to tumble down again, for my strength went from me then, as Samson's must have done when he lost his hair.

After finding out about my baggage, two of those men took me, one on each side, and started me for the house, five blocks away. I went a few rods and then discovered my knee (left) was hurt, and a deadly faintness seized me. I started to fall, but the men held me firmly between them, saying most kindly: "No scotia, no scotia" (meaning a little more—a little more). I begged them in Japanese to put me in another purana and hurry me home, but they only said: "Scotia matte, scotia matte!" (a little wait, a little wait) and dragged me along half falling, stumbling, plunging, half fainting. They got me home, looking like a drowned rat, and I had just strength enough left to arouse the household and toppled onto a chair in the hall, but I didn't faint. Oh, no! I knew I mustn't; if I did, then the worst would be to pay, so I held onto my will power and exerted it as best I could, while four women and two strong men undressed and carried me up to my room and put me to bed; then I had a nervous chill that was almost equal to an earthquake, and in the midst of it the doctor came and told me—"not to be so nervous." I refused whisky post haste! I refused

ter remedies. He said No! I said, Yes! and stuck to it, and he got something else, though I had little need of it when it reached me, for my will had brought me out.

This was five days ago, and I'm still confined to room and couch, though am getting so I can move about a little.

I got off with a sprained knee, a wrenched back, numerous bruises and a shocked nervous system, which was not bad, considering.

How did it happen? Oh, the man was full of sake, of course! I guess I'll never get over the fun it has caused among my friends, some of whom call me "a good sailor," "a temperance comet," etc.

The largest newspaper of Japan reported it, giving all details, and the Japanese temperance leaders (while deeply chagrined that one of their people should have laid me out), are very happy over the outcome. They say: "It's the best thing you've done yet!" That whereas I have heretofore reached thousands, now I have reached millions, for that paper goes all over the Empire, and there's a first class temperance lecture in it as well as plenty of good advertising.

The police swooped down on that poor "kurumaya" (jinrikisha man) at once and would have made it interesting for him (for it's pretty serious business to hurt a "foreigner"), but in the midst of my suffering I begged the head of the police, who had come to see me, not to punish or do anything with the man, and while he made no promises to me then and waited two days to see how seriously I was hurt, he eventually let him go and gave him back his license. Such gratitude as the poor fellow and all his associates exhibited! His poor wife came to see me yesterday and brought me a lot of nice oranges. She was completely upset over it. The head man from the jinrikisha stand has been to call several times, and I've been almost overwhelmed with calls and attention from friends and from those also whom I never before met, both foreigners and Japanese. My accident has evidently wakened people up somewhat. Books, magazines, flowers and fruit, besides many notes of sympathy, have been bestowed upon me, and still they come.

This is the third narrow escape I have had in three months, though the other two were not such close shaves, and I'm as careful as I can be and do not needlessly run into danger, but you know this is not yet a civilized country, and even if it were, well, they have a few accidents in civilized countries, too, I notice.

Mr. Nemoto, vice-president of the National Temperance League, informed me that the temperance societies never could have afforded to pay for the amount of space devoted to the newspapers to our cause just now, and he's happy over it.

The doctor says I must keep quiet for a few weeks, and I shall be all right. The hardest thing to replace will, I fear, be my clothing, for I went in all over—hat, coat and all, and they are somewhat the worse for such close contact with water and mud. Oh, well, it will all come out some way in course of time.

TEMPERANCE POINTS.

Ex-Gov. John D. Long has been elected to the presidency of the Massachusetts Total Abstinence society.

Stand with anybody that stands right. Stand with him while he is right, and part with him when he goes wrong.—Lincoln.

Enact into every day living the ethics of Christ's Gospel; nothing else can bring the glad day of universal brotherhood.—Frances E. Willard.

The average per capita consumption of liquor in the United States last year was 19.48 gallons. Such is the statement of the American Prohibition Year Book for 1904, edited by Mr. Alonzo E. Wilson, the state chairman for Illinois, and just issued from the headquarters in Chicago. Among other startling facts which every temperance man should consider.

A young man who drinks even moderately thereby surrenders his place in the commercial world. Should the fathers and mothers of marriageable daughters be less concerned about the habits of possible sons-in-law than are bankers, railway managers, merchants and manufacturers about the conduct of their hired men?—National Advocate.

Anti-Saloon league workers of Iowa have commenced the issuance of posters bearing the pictures of the Bible and a barrel of whisky, asking the voters which they will choose for government. The liquor dealers have accepted the challenge to battle and say: "We will see which will go the furthest in the fight—a barrel of whisky or a bushel of Bibles."

Temperance Agitation in Russia. We are in receipt of several journals published in different parts of Russia devoted to the presentation of the dangers from the use of alcohol as a beverage. These journals are edited with great spirit and present the subject with strong emphatic language, condemning the government plan of the sale of the spirits and urging individuals to give up all use of spirits as dangerous in the last degree. Compared with the 50 or more journals in this country in which all forms of temperance work are urged it is evident that the Russian and Scandinavian countries are more deeply interested and are taking up the subject from a broader point of view, dealing with facts more than theories.—Journal of Inebriety.

A King's Opinion. The king of Sweden never loses an opportunity of saying a word for temperance. An English company is at present engaged working a gold mine in Norway, and the king recently had an interview with the heads of the concern, who presented him with some gold jewelry, the produce of the mine. The king, on being informed that a large number of the miners were Good Templars, said: "I am very glad to hear it, because they are just the sort of men to give satisfaction."—National Advocate.

Two Inches. A foot rises two

AN INCIDENT OF THE CIVIL WAR

Bountiful Repast Served to Ravenous Union Soldiers.

"When Sherman's army was advancing on Raleigh, N. C., in 1865, I was put in charge of a forage detail of a sergeant, corporal and 13 men, taken from the three regiments composing the brigade, with instructions to bring forage and turn it over to the brigade quartermaster for distribution," writes a veteran in the Philadelphia Press. "The division, Gen. Corse's, of the Fifteenth corps, was on the extreme right of the army, and our detail started off through the woods at right angles to the line of march. A light rain was falling, but by the time we reached a turnpike leading in the direction parallel to the line of march of the army the rain ceased. The freshly made footprints of a man were plainly visible on the road, going in the same direction with ourselves, toward Raleigh, and as we tramped along we indulged in much comment as to who had made



WHAT A DELIGHTFUL SURPRISE!

men were. I told her that our party of 16 were all present, and she said that about two hours before a Yankee soldier had stopped at the house and stated that about noon a party of 18 Yankee soldiers would stop at the house for dinner; that thereupon she had at once set the negroes to work catching and dressing chickens, baking bread, making pies and preparing vegetables, and had also sent word to the neighboring plantations for the girls to come and help wait on the Yankees. The result we saw before us.

"What a delightful surprise it was! A splendid dinner, with the sauce of ravenous appetites, a smiling hostess, and a bevy of charming girls for waiters. Why, it was like being with home folks once more and sitting down to one of mother's dinners. But there was one thing which marred the complete success of the affair. Our hostess

with none to love him or care for him. Some years ago Mrs. Edwards made herself famous by her refusal to vacate a piece of land which the courts had held was accretion land and belonged to the owner of abutting property. Officers were sent to evict her, and she held them off with a shotgun. From early life she has been accustomed to get what she went after.

The widow and the bachelor met in the streets of Council Bluffs. The widow was thinking of the fine ears of corn which were going to waste on her land and wondering whom she could find to husk them, when she spied Peter.

"Oh, then this is a regular bona fide leap year wedding?" replied Justice O'Brien, before whom they appeared an hour later, after he had heard the outline of the story.

"Well, I guess that's what you might call it. She asked me to get married a sort of sudden like this morning, and I said I would. I'm satisfied, and I guess she is. So there you are," answered the bridegroom.

WOMAN KILLS A WILDCAT. First Attacks Animal with a Gun, But Finally Vanquishes It with a Wagon Spoke.

Mrs. Mary Taylor, of Bell county, Ky., after a terrible battle with a wildcat, killed it with a wagon spoke. Some animal had been killing Mrs. Taylor's poultry, but all efforts to catch the thief had proved futile.

She was working in the house, when her attention was attracted by noise in the barnyard. She investigated, and found a big wildcat, which had attacked the chickens, and which dogs had run

up a tree. Mrs. Taylor took her husband's gun, and went after the intruder. The first shot brought him down the tree, but only slightly wounded the animal.

A fight ensued between the wild animal and the dogs, but the latter were too small to successfully fight such a foe.

Mrs. Taylor could not fire a second time for fear of killing her dogs. She got a wagon spoke, and by a clever blow finally crushed the cat's skull. Mrs. Taylor's clothing was torn from her body, and she was severely injured.

A New Aid to Navigation. The automatic compass of M. Heit, which has been brought to notice in Mar- selles after a test of several months, is claimed to offer an important new aid to navigation. The basin is divided into isolated sections, and an electric current is so arranged that a flexible wire moving over a small silver index attached to the card gives a record minute by minute of the angle of the needle with the meridian, thus supplying a complete register of the ship's course and of the time of the helmman's changes. Certain sections are connected to call bells, which signal to the commander any unusual deviations. The apparatus shows the speed of the vessel by registering the revolutions of the screw, and it also indicates the time of departure and of every stop and start.

Grains of Wheat. A bushel of wheat by actual count, has been found to contain 869,720 grains.

Negroes in France. With a population of about 2,500,000 Paris has fewer than 100 negroes with- in its limits. It is claimed that the colored population of all France is less than 550.

The Patient Man. "My dear," said Mr. Henpeck, "I wish you wouldn't call me 'Leo' any more."

"What nonsense is this?" snapped his wife. "That's what you were christened."

"I know, but it makes my friends laugh when you call me that. I was thinking you might call me 'Job,' just for a pet name."—Philadelphia Press.

Little Toppers. The teachers of three French public schools in Normandy report that 75 per cent. of the girls in them take brandy in their coffee at breakfast.

Not Alone in Mechanics. If more oil were used upon the machinery there would be less breaks.—Farm Journal.

REAL LEAP YEAR WEDDING.

Iowa Woman Takes a Husband to Husk the Corn That Was About to Go to Waste.

From Omaha, Neb., a correspondent of the New York World writes that Mrs. R. E. Edwards—fair, fat and 40—has elevated Peter Wyma to the position of husband and has accepted his name—all because she had 1,000 bushels of corn and no one to husk it, and it was leap year.

Mrs. Edwards and Peter Wyma have lived neighbors in the little town of Ascot, Pottawattamie county, Ia., for many years, she a widow with five children and he a disconsolate bachelor.



PETER LED TO MATRIMONY.

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